

August 9th 1918.

My Darling:-

I am sitting in my tent, with a pouring rain going on outside; dry and warm and comfortable; with a lot to tell you and I don't know how to begin. It is just ten o'clock and I have had my work all done for an hour, but go on duty at 1:00 this afternoon so may have more to do then. I had a wonderful night's sleep a fine breakfast and feel fine today, especially after reading the papers and the morning communiqué which both bear out my prediction that the Germans are not through running, let me run. I hope they never stop, but it sure is wonderful that they are going so far and so fast this summer, when we are all getting ready to give them their real trimming next summer.

I am not writing this letter near

Rosy because, confound him, he is going to ruin my reputation with his postscripts. I admit all he says about "three squares" a day and "eight hours sleep" at night, but most emphatically protest that what he says about "French Demoiselles" and "plenty to drink" are purely products of his vivid imagination. And furthermore I am sure you know that - therefore I will say no more about it. I censured his postscript before I let it go, and the fact that I let it all go untouched shows my confidence in your opinion of me.

I must tell you about a party we had last night. Rosy and Werts and I have a friend here - a Rochester N. Y., Y. M. C. A. man, who is a regular fellow. He is 56 years old, but full of pep and a mighty fine man. He told

us a few days ago about a place in town where we could get a good meal and we told him to order one for us at 6:30 Thursday night.

Now let me tell you: We sat in a little room, with a snowy white table; silverware and china on it, and through the open window, looked directly into Germany (some distance away) and ate the following meal:

Lobster,

Fresh Tomatoes with dressing.

Fresh string beans. (wonderful).

Omelet. (French style, ^{very} delicious.)

BROILED CHICKEN. (the first I have tasted since I left Indianapolis, and too delicious to attempt to describe.)

Cantaloupe (MARVELOUS!!!)

Malaga Grapes.

Cake.

Cafe au lait.

Cigars - Cigarettes - nuts etc -
a real fit for a king. I tell you
I enjoyed it and I ate until I
could hardly sit up for I have^{not}
tasted many of those things for
eight months. Now you know
something of the rigors of war,
and how we are suffering
over here, so close to the
lines. Aren't we to be pitied?
I tell you it was wonderful,
and you bet we are going to
Encore, la même chose, tout
de suite! And - strange to say -
the old woman who cooked it for
us is an American woman who
used to live in Chicago and who
married a Frenchman and has
lived over here for twenty years.
It is so now, that the Americans
over here can have anything

they want. The French almost worship them - call them "Saviors of France" and all that, and I am not so sure that they are not right. Well - so much for the dinner.

I have received no mail from you now for nearly a week. It is hard to go without mail so long because I am so anxious to hear what you think of the way the war is going now. But I guess that in a few days it will begin coming through again, so I am not going to let myself become impatient.

I haven't heard from Jack for a long time but it may be because I haven't written him until yesterday for sometime. I have been too busy to write any letters except yours, and that I won't

miss. I just had to stop and
fill my pen.

Well my Darling I am going
to close now. I am going to take a
wee bit of a nap before noon as
I may have to work hard all the
afternoon and I mustn't permit
my delicate constitution to suffer
from the strain. Give my love
and many kisses to Ted and my
dear babies. With all my dearest
love to you sweetheart, I love you,
I adore you. God bless you my
Darling, and keep you and my
dear ones safe from harm. I
love you. "A.B."

1st St. Louis B. Smith M.R.C.